Wainwright's Experiment.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

It was noon. The July sun blazed down over the hayfields and flickered across the group of men who lolled beneath the trees enjoying their first rest after a morning of toil. Wainwright sat a little apart from the others and mopped his forehead. The muscles of his arms and shoulders ached from unaccustomed labor. Yet as he looked at the close cut field his feeling was one of pleasure.

Two months before as assistant professor of political economy in an eastern college he had longed to put certain problems to the test, to learn from actual experience those things which other men were content to take from the text books. So while his brother professors spent their vacations in Europe or at the seashore Wainwright tramped the highways of New England, knapsack on back and notebook in hand. Routine and conventionality were forgotten. And so much is man a part of his mode of living that after his first two weeks on the road not one of Wainwright's old confreres would have recognized him. His clothes had lost their hall marks of good tailoring and become frayed and dusty. His shoes were out at heel, his hat almost rimless and his face tanned to a deep bronze.

But Wainwright was young and vigorous and had a keen relish for adventure. He liked the freedom of the highway, the quest of picking up odd jobs at the scattered farmhouses along the route, the deep sleep of the travel weary in dim, sweet scented haylofts or, oftener still, in the open, with the stars shimmering through the branches of the trees.

It was the harvest season. There was work in plenty, and in time Wainwright quitted his hand to mouth vagabondage for the sobering occupation of harvester on the Rolfe farm, where he was to receive a dollar a day and bed and board. The first morning's labor had proved more exhausting than he had anticipated, but Wainwright kept on doggedly, though each hour added fresh blisters to his hands and made the scythe seem heavier to wield. The midday rest brought an ecstasy of relief.

"This," thought Wainwright as he stretched himself in the shade—"this is worth a dozen hotel verandas!" The rustle of leaves, the talk of the men near by and the drone of insects through the warm air all blended into a confused murmur. An unconquerable drowsiness stole over him.

"Won't you have some dinner?" said a voice beside him, and Wainwright, opening his eyes, looked up at a girl who might have been Priscilla, so demure was her blue dress and white kerchief. She wore a frilled sunbonnet, and Wainwright wished that he might see the face it hid, but his desire remained ungratified, for after serving him the girl turned her attention to the next man and from that went impartially down the line. The men fell to at once. Wainwright alone stared after the sunbonneted figure that tripped across the field and took the orchard path leading to the Rolfe farm.

That night as he took his seat among the harvesters that clattered around the Rolfes' supper table he saw with quickening interest that the girl of the noon hour was flitting about the kitchen, passing huge platters of bread and stone jugs of foaming milk. Wainwright had leisure to observe that she had brown eyes and wavy brown hair coiled low upon her neck.

When supper was over the other farm hands strolled off toward the barn. Wainwright lingered.

"Your daughter must be a great help to you," he ventured.

"My daughter!" laughed Farmer Rolfe. "Why, she ain't my daughter! She's the hired girl, though I will say," he added, "that if ever I'd had a daughter I'd ha' liked one like Mary Carter. She's as quick and handy as she can be, and my wife thinks a heap o' her. Took to her from the first when the girl come from over by Coopersville way lookin' for work. She's so slim and slight you wouldn't think she could do much. But, land, she's a hustler!" Indeed, so absorbed was Mary in her work that Wainwright only saw her at mealtimes. Even then she merely stopped for a pleasant word or nod.

But one Sunday night when Wainwright sat alone on the back porch strumming at a guitar a white dress glimmered in the doorway, and presently Mary came out and sat down.

"Please don't stop!" she cried as Wainwright smothered the last chord of a college glee. "I'm very fond of music!"

"What else are you fond of, I wonder?" thought Wainwright, and he deftly led her on to speak of herself. She was fond of reading, she confessed, and knew many of the poets by heart. Her taste in literature was as simple as it was fine, and the more she spoke the more Wainwright wondered, for she seemed utterly content with her present occupation.

"Any work that is done well is beautiful," she declared earnestly, and, though her allusions to herself were delicately reticent, Wainwright found it easy to picture her primitive life, primitive and yet not humdrum. Her love of nature and beauty forbade that.

"What a wonderful country it is," mused Wainwright, "where even the rustics have ideas of their own and a vivid way of expressing them." Mary's personality was the most challenging and illuminating one that he had discovered so far, and descriptions of her covered several pages of his notebook.

In the days that followed he found that if he helped Mary with the supper dishes the longer they would have to sit on the porch in the cool of the evening. So while she splashed the suds he polished plates and cups and quoted his favorite authors. Afterward they would stroll together down the orchard path, watching the first stars and listening to the eerie notes of the whippoorwill, a pleasant state of affairs destined to end abruptly, for Wainwright returned from the fields one evening to find Mrs. Rolfe alone in the kitchen. Mary was gone.

"Had a letter from one of her folks," said the farmer, "and she went right off. Wouldn't take a cent of her pay 'cause she left so sudden."

Wainwright looked blank.

"Didn't she leave any address?" he queried.

"Said she'd write," answered Rolfe laconically.

"But wasn't there any message?" persisted Wainwright.

"Not a word," said Farmer Rolfe cheerfully.

Mrs. Rolfe had some of her famous biscuits for supper, but Wainwright had lost his appetite. He stood on the back porch in the afterglow, and everything seemed strangely deserted. Mary had gone, and something of the joy of living had gone with her. Existence seemed suddenly very tame and dull to the young professor. He was conscious of emotions not classified in his notebook.

"I must have overworked," he said listlessly to himself as he sat on the Leffingwells' veranda a week later. It was sundown. A breeze swept up from the Hudson, and a tall glass of lemonade tinkled pleasantly in Wainwright's hand.

Mrs. Leffingwell, of whose house party he was a guest, sat near him in a wicker chair and chatted irrepressibly.

"PLEASE DON'T STOP!" SHE CRIED.

"We've had an inkling of your exploits," she said, "and will expect a full account of them. Tonight there's a girl coming to dine who's awfully fond of that sort of thing. She spent the summer working on a farm where she met the most extraordinary young harvester that— There she is now!"

Mary, in a white lace dress, was coming slowly across the lawn.

"You didn't leave me any message," said Wainwright reproachfully the moment after their hostess had left them alone together, "but I have one for you. I wonder if you will care to hear it?"

"You might try and see," suggested Mary demurely.

When dinner was at its gayest, Mrs. Leffingwell turned to Wainwright.

"Do you think," she said, "that your experiment was a success?"

Wainwright's eyes met Mary's in a comprehending flash.

"The greatest I've ever had," he answered, smiling.

A Curious Bird Mistake.

Many birds frequenting flowers for honey or insects are thus liable to get their heads covered with pollen. And since the pollen of different flowers varies in color, a bird may become yellow headed, red headed, blue headed, etc., says the London Globe. This led to a curious mistake in the case of a New Zealand bird. This bird was a honey sucker and a haunter of flowers. Now, in the early summer it visited most frequently the flowers of the native flax and later in the year fed chiefly on the fuchsia. The pollen of the former is red and of the latter blue; hence in the early summer the bird appeared with a red head and was named the red headed honey sucker. But when later in the year it went to the fuchsia its head was stained blue, and it was called the blue headed honey sucker. Thus for a long time this bird was thought to be two distinct species, and only recently was it found that the red headed and the blue headed were one and the same and that the real color of the head was blackish brown.

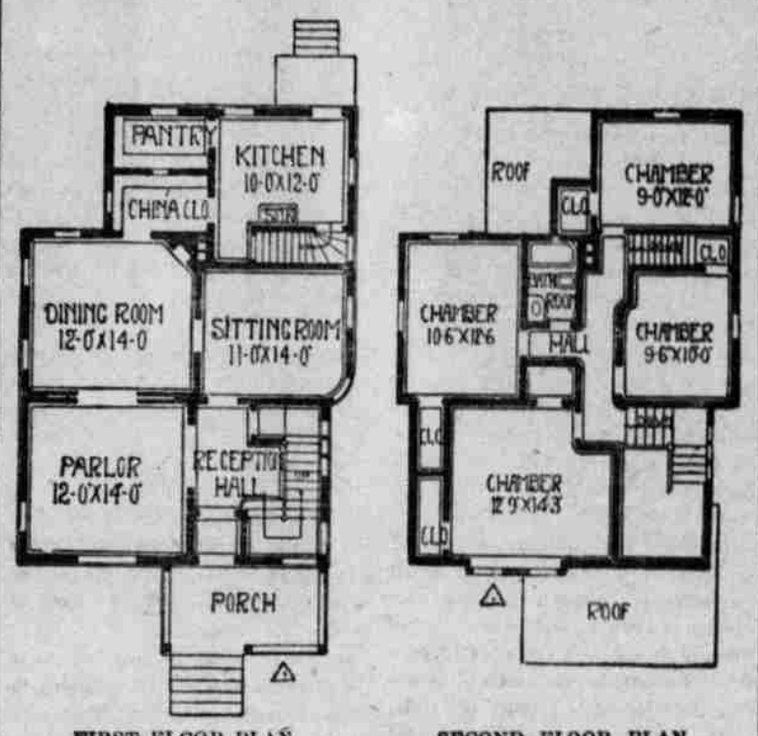
Must Have Read It.

He (virtuously)—I call it simply outrageous for the newspapers to print all this terrible stuff. She (sternly)—How do you know it is terrible?—Baltimore American.

A Beautiful Cottage.

Well Arranged Interior and Unusually Attractive Front—Cost $1,800.

PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN. SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

This beautiful little cottage was built for a banker in Litchfield, Minn., at a cost of $1,800. The reception room is entered through a small vestibule from the covered porch. A fine stairway leads from the reception room to the second story, which contains four nice sleeping rooms, a sewing room, a bath and lots of closets. The three principal rooms on the first floor are thrown together by large openings. There is a basement under the whole house.

GLENN L. SAXTON.

WARSHIP DISPLAY

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gets a show on Fifth Avenue, from which he is rigidly barred by the nature of his calling; but this year New York borrowed from London and Boston the idea of a work horse parade, and on Decoration Day more than a thousand teams took advantage of the opportunity to see what the swell street of the town looks like to the occassional dock-tailed specimens which find their way into the ranks of the workers when age or infirmity have impaired their appearance and stamina. There was no appearance of infirmity, however, in the parade which lined up in Washington Square at the unfashionable hour of 8:30 A. M., for the march up Fifth Avenue, although in the "old horse" class there were veterans by the score. Old No. 27, a big dapple gray who has served before the beer cart week in and week out for fourteen years, carried off high honors in this class, as did Charlie and Dick, the star team of ten entered by a Ninth Avenue ice dealer. Docktailed and cab horses were rigidly excluded, as were all in any way unfit for work; but almost every other variety of work horse was represented in force, while the city government was represented by entries from eight departments, the mounted police and the fire department the most conspicuous among them. The parade was organized by the Woman's Auxiliary of the S. P. C. A. as an inducement to owners, drivers and public generally to take more interest in the welfare of work horses, and the prizes distributed, including ribbons, badges and money, amounted to several thousand dollars.

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For the first time the aristocratic exclusiveness of Fifth Avenue is to be invaded by the plebian flat, and great is the concern of Gotham's "400" thereat. For years they have been protestingly retreating uptown before the advance of business, but even this has been aristocratic—high priced millinery, art goods, jewelry, and silverware too expensive for the purchase of any but the wealthy. At Fifty-second street the Vanderbilts have expended more than $6,000,000, in buying adjacent property, in order that lofty flats, busy shops and comparatively noisy hotels might not disturb the serenity of their palatial residences. When Edward H. Harriman, who, as everybody knows, loves peace and quiet above all things else, purchased the northeast corner of the sit for a $250,000 mansion, the inviolability of the neighborhood seemed complete. Now, sad to say, a skyscraping apartment house is to rise on the east side of the avenue to face and frown down upon the Vanderbilt houses and cast its shadow upon the most aristocratic section of the city. To be sure the 60.0 feet of frontage cost $1,250,000, and the building designed for the site will cost $750,000 more; so that rents will necessarily have to be considerably above the East Side level, but it is plebian nevertheless.

The Queen of Spiders.

The queen of spiders—the largest, handsomest and most capable workman of her tribe—is the orange-yellow and black creature known as orange arglope. Hers are the most beautiful cobwebs made, hung low to catch the innumerable insects required for a rather large appetite, and you find them among the bushes and vines and in the fields. Arglope captures and ties up her victims as ably as a cowboy might do with a lasso, and she excels the cowboy by manufacturing her own rope as she goes.